

LETTERS

A Vacation Trip.

Dear Editor:—I am sure you will think I am one of the worst members you ever had, for I haven't written to the paper for almost a year. But I am going to tell you about my trip to the mountains, for we camped on one of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, almost 2,000 feet above the sea level. Our camp was composed of five boys, five girls, two clergymen, one cook and a waitress. The girls were Miss Davis, from Shenandoah, Miss Moore, from Charlottesville, Miss Miss, from Staunton, Miss Miss, from Shenandoah, and Miss Shenk-Stanley, from Shenandoah. The boys were Messrs. Rogers and Kite, Staunton; Messrs. Dunlap, from Shenandoah, and Mrs. Sherry and Mrs. Dunlap were the chaperons. This was our regular crowd, but Miss Koonitz came up and spent several days with us. The boys were khaki suits and the girls were khaki skirts and middie blouses. We had four tents. Three sleeping tents and a dining tent. Oh, but it was cold. We always wore our sweaters. While there we met a young preacher who taught the little mountain children on week days and preached on Sunday. He taught in a little shed, and the children sat on logs and held their books in their laps or hands, and he preached in this same place on Sunday. I don't see how the children survive it, for sitting on those low logs, without anything to lean on, almost broke our backs. Just during the one day of church, but we could well afford to sit there, for we heard a grand sermon. One day while we were waiting for some answers a girl about twelve years old, who could neither read nor write and couldn't go to school because she was poor, the head all day. She had never been out of the mountains, nor seen a railroad train, nor heard an auto or a street car. There was a house not far from camp, and we danced there almost every night. The very little round dancing on account of the floors being too rough. But we found square dancing lots of fun. Two mountain men played the guitar and violin. One of the boys would blow the fiddle all the time, and would blow the fiddle away. One day we had such a storm that two of our largest tents were blown down. But the boys soon fixed them up again. We stayed two weeks, and I tell you that we certainly did not leave when the two weeks were up, and that we would go home again. I suppose I have written more than enough, but I shall write a little more to tell you about my trip. I am sure you are tired of this letter. Sincerely yours, MARGARET PROCTOR, Shenandoah, Va.

Old Member Back.

Dear Editor:—I have not sent anything for the page in a long time. I suppose you have forgotten I was a member. I enjoy reading the stories and letters every week, and I think the page has improved very much in the last few months. I spent several weeks in Richmond this summer, and I like it. I had a real nice time there. I hope you are spending a very pleasant vacation. With best wishes, I am, very sincerely yours, EDITH BANE, South Boston, Va.

A Dear Member.

Dear Editor:—I know you think I have forgotten you, but I have been so busy that I haven't had time. I am nearly time for school to start, but I am not sorry, though, for I like to go to school. All of the farmers out here are getting ready for the crops. The sun is shining and the birds are singing. I am sure you are spending a very pleasant vacation. With best wishes, I am, very sincerely yours, MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

A New Letter.

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, after quite some time. But I have been so busy that I haven't had time. I am nearly time for school to start, but I am not sorry, though, for I like to go to school. All of the farmers out here are getting ready for the crops. The sun is shining and the birds are singing. I am sure you are spending a very pleasant vacation. With best wishes, I am, very sincerely yours, MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

A Soldier Girl.

My Dear Editor and Members:—It has been so cold here that every one is catching cold. I am no exception. Every now and then I have to stop. I am sure you are spending a very pleasant vacation. With best wishes, I am, very sincerely yours, MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

Still a Member.

Dear Editor:—I guess you have forgotten me, but I am still here. Will you please send me another badge, as I have lost my other. I am glad to have Miss Dorothy Newell, one of our members, next door to me. What's the matter with the change in price for one of my drawings? I have been drawing for a long time. I hope you will send me a drawing. I am sure you are spending a very pleasant vacation. With best wishes, I am, very sincerely yours, MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

WOODROW WILSON FOR PRESIDENT.

The convention! The convention! That is the cry on every hand, and as the editor has asked us I am going to say who I would vote for. To begin with, I am a Democrat, and am for Woodrow Wilson. I have just finished reading an article by K. L. M. Pray, out of seventy-six Pennsylvania votes for the presidency, he says, Wilson will receive seventy-one. He also goes on to declare: "I am for him to the end!"

Good for you, K. L. M. Pray. One more whole-hearted Democrat. For what reasons do I want Woodrow Wilson to be the successful candidate? The first reason, Mr. Wilson is a man of positive character and charming personality. I believe him to be a man sincere in all he undertakes, fighting against archery and aristocracy and in all things believing in absolute democracy. That is not all. He is the most intelligent speaker the public has ever known, an exquisite master of the English language. Speaking with a sureness, accuracy, power and delicacy surpassing anything ever heard before on the political platform. And this is the man I would vote for. Next, like K. L. M. Pray, I am for him to the end!

Composed and Illustrated by WILLY E. SHADWICK.

AUGUST T.D.C.C. 1912



Editorial And Literary Department

The Mountain Children and Their Need of Education

Dear Girls and Boys:

I hope you will all read a letter from Margaret Ropp, of Shenandoah, which begins our column of today. It is a long letter, but it is given space because in an account Margaret has written of a coming party among the mountain children and the difficulties they have in getting even an elementary education.

Men and women are interesting themselves in these mountain girls and boys. You will notice what Margaret says about the young minister teaching as well as preaching, even in the most primitive surroundings. Several of the boys and girls are anxious for a contest. Now, the T. D. C. C. member who makes the best drawing or writes the best story on "What Virginia and the Church Are Doing to Educate the Mountain Children" will receive the best prize the editor can bestow.

The churches and individuals have taken up mission work among these mountain people, and great efforts are being put forth to give them proper schooling and training. Every boy and girl belonging to the T. D. C. C. can do something to help along in a cause so deserving, because everything that relates to the subject and is published draws attention to it and awakens interest.

You shall have until the first of October for this contest. Do your best in it. YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Agnes Miller, 412 North Second Street, City.

Miss Mary Deering Ward, requested to send her address.

Edgar R. Beverly, Freeling, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche; Miller, Agnes; Newman, Lena; Beverly, Edgar R.; Point, Edith; Real, Charlotte C.; Bane, Edith; Broadrup, M.; Broadrup, Helen; Clark, Ada V.; Cook, Katherine; Chadwick, H. R.; Chadwick, W. E.; Covington, H.; Cook, Ole; Collins, F. P.; Gilliam, Mary A.; Gayle, Alice; Hart, Leslie; Kite, Thomas; Kent, Edna W.; Libby, Sophia.

BETTY'S DREAM.

CHAPTER II.

"Dead," said Betty, "why they do not seem dead to me."

"It is a sad story," she went on, "on earth once, where there are so many beautiful things, but nobody loves them, as they were only homely flowers, among so many beautiful ones. Each flower has a sorrowful story, and now they are up here, with no one to care for them. Living on the water of their own tears, the little fairy's eyes filled with tears."

"Oh," cried Betty, "I am sure some one must have cared for those pansies. Everybody loves pansies!"

"Yes," answered the fairy, "but they are the pansies that people stepped on in trying to reach other ones, and so they were pulled up and thrown away."

"The daisies?"

"They grew on the lawn and were trampled down by children that romped about."

"And the sweet peas?"

"They were the centres of bouquets that were added and added to until those fragrant blossoms were crushed."

Other half hour there came a bundle which proved to be a new pair of shoes for her doll, she was too happy for words. But that surprise was hardly over, when another package was brought her. She opened it in great excitement, and behold there was a bunch of beautiful panicles. "They are for you, mama," she cried, "and now everything has come but papa's new bicycle." Just then she looked out of the window and there was her papa coming up the drive on a fine, new wheel. She rushed down to meet him, exclaiming as she threw herself into his arms: "Oh, papa, papa, I did not know you were here. I am so happy, and the man at the other end is just lovely!"

"Oh," said papa, "I am delighted he is so satisfactory."

Selected by NORMA WALTHER, 2221 Beverly Street, City.

A RED-HEADED BOY.

Once there was an old lady who had a son that owned a large book store. She said to him one day, "Willie, don't you need a boy to help you?" He said, "Yes, mother, I would like to have one to help me." "Well, I want you to advertise for a red-headed boy to do light work."

"Well, why do you want a red-headed boy, mother?" said he.

"Never mind, do as I bid you." So he advertised for a red-headed boy. Next morning he said a book on the floor. Presently many red-headed boys came. They came rushing in, all except one who got at the end of the row. All the boys came to the end of the row and picked the book up and spoke politely and laid the book on the table and seated himself on a box in the corner. The boy who was at the end of the row said, "I don't know, I have done it so many times, said this boy—I just don't remember."

"I asked by son to advertise for a red-headed boy, I wanted to see if you would come." The boy said, "My mother always taught me to be polite."

PANSY WELLS, 839 Atlantic Street, Petersburg, Va.

FOR PRESIDENT, WOODROW WILSON.

Shortly will commence a conflict in this country of greatest import to the American people. On one hand, the wild ambition of one misguided man leads him onward, disregarding customs wisely fixed by those who govern their blood and brain that our nation's birthright of independence might be preserved—in wild pursuit of that which he gave his solemn assurance to the American people to never again seek. On the other hand, the cohorts of special privileges, unholy combination of officeholder and corporate interests, led by one who has grievously failed in his trust to the people, present the claims of a fastidious party, born in hate and living from prejudice and such funds of special privilege. Midway between these, as the standard-bearer of a party which has ever been the hope of the masses and not of the classes, Woodrow Wilson, the light of the American people, next President of the United States, stands as clean and sane as any figure in public life.

Theodore Roosevelt deserves the defeat he courts, for his hypocrisy in shouting trust and honesty, when his very supporters believe his cities Monumental brasserie is permeated by one who would stand at "Armageddon and battle for the Lord," when such words as Flynn, boss of Pittsburgh, and Perkins, of the steel trust, and the light of the American people, next President of the United States, stands as clean and sane as any figure in public life.

They were the centres of bouquets that were added and added to until those fragrant blossoms were crushed."

"But surely those white carnations were appreciated."

No, they were cast aside, for people did not have room enough to carry the white and pink. "Then the roses?"

"The roses?"

"The roses?"

"The roses?"

himself as unfit to occupy a place of honor with the suffrages of the people. After his false declaration, that in the veins of every Southern person there ran a streak of barbarism, his characterization of Jefferson as a man of monumental littleness, his cruelly discourteous treatment of Jefferson Davis, any Southern person who supports Roosevelt is a traitor to his native land.

Let ambition trample upon the Constitution, for a government of the people, by the people and for the people, substitute a government by me, for me and of me, and let once again people sink for our government as once it was. If Theodore I were crowned king.

EDGAR R. BEVERLY, Freeling, Va.

JULIA REDDING.

There is a large brick building about a mile and a half from the little village of Crossburg, where Miss Boston, a maiden lady of about thirty-eight or forty summers, keeps a very fashionable boarding school. The class consists of thirty-five girls, their ages ranging from ten to sixteen. The girls are now standing in groups about the lawn talking and laughing, like a crowd of girls only one. There is great excitement, for the Christmas holidays are near at hand. There is one girl whose name is Julia Redding that is listening to all the girls have to say about the parties they are going to attend on their return to their homes, but she has nothing to say, for her summer will be spent at the dreary boarding school. Her father had left her in care of Miss Boston while he traveled abroad, and as she had no other home, both her summer and winter were spent there. That night about 2 o'clock Julia heard a soft rap at her door, and on opening it she saw Alice Martin, a very dear friend of hers. "Oh, Julia," she said, "I have just got to ask you to-night, I could not wait until morning. I received a letter from father on the last mail, and he told me not only to ask you home with me, but to insist on your coming."

"Oh, Alice, I would love to go, if only Miss Boston will allow me."

"Of course she will," said Alice, "but you must pack your things, for we have at 10:15 tomorrow."

The train that left Crossburg on Tuesday morning found Julia Redding and Alice Martin homeward-bound.

Composed by FLORENCE COLLINS, 2222 West Grace, City.

SCOUT LAWS.

Two things a boy must do before he can become a scout—learn the scout law and take the scout oath. The scout law is: 1. A scout's honor is to be trusted; 2. A scout is loyal to his country, his parents and his employers; 3. A scout's duty is to be useful and help others; 4. A scout is a friend to all animals; 5. A scout's duty is to be helpful and help others; 6. A scout is courteous; 7. A scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances. A scout's oath is: On my honor, I promise that I will do my best.

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen who wanted a child very much. After ten years of long waiting, a pair of twin princes were born to them. The King and Queen were full of joy and the christening took place in a week. One of the boys was named Teardrop and the other was called Densford. Years after, when they were twenty years old their father said to them, "My children, it is time for you to go out into the world and seek a wife. The princes made no objection, and the next day they set out."

Lower Brema, Brema Bluff, Va.

The Garden Wall.

"Oh," sobbed Betty, "I would go home. Please tell me how to go."

"Shut your eyes for a moment and then open them."

Betty did so, and when she raised her eyes she found that she had fallen from the arm-chair and was sitting on the floor. She yawned and stretched her arms, but she was too sleepy to pull the withered roses in water, and I don't think that Betty ever forgot to do so again.

DOROTHY M. SMITH, 1013 West M Street, City.

FANNY'S TELEPHONE ORDER.

"But I don't want the moon," said Fanny.

Puzzle Department

PUZZLE POEM.

Fill out these blanks with names of four noted men. One name is used three times and another twice.

Before these — on each bright morn
A little maid appears.
She — and — but no one comes.
It seems that no one hears.

Oh, little maid, why not walk in?
For neither — nor —
Are needed to gain entrance here.
The — don't — you see.

HELEN BROADRUP, Lorraine, Va.

A CHAERADE.

My first is in top, but not in mop.
My second is in mouse, also in house.
My third is in March, but not in hark.
My fourth is in mat, also in tat.
My fifth is in stay, but not in May.
My sixth is in romps, also in stomps.
My last is in the name of a vegetable.

MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

NAMES OF TREES IN FIGURES.

15, 1, 11.
12, 13.
16, 15, 16, 15, 1, 18.
12, 1, 16, 12, 5.
14, 9, 14, 5.
2, 5, 5, 2, 5, 14, 21, 20.
19, 15, 3, 1, 15, 15, 15, 5.
2, 5, 4, 1, 15.
4, 15, 1, 23, 15, 15, 4.
23, 1, 12, 14, 21, 20.
8, 9, 5, 11, 15, 18, 25.
1, 19, 5.

MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

GIRLS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

Tell what word the first letter of each name spells.
6, 12, 19, 9, 5.
4, 15, 18, 9, 19.
9, 13, 5, 14.
20, 8, 6, 12, 13, 1.
16, 13, 6, 18.
15, 15, 19, 1.

A TRICK QUESTION PUZZLE.

A gave \$45 for a horse and sold him for \$54. What per cent profit did he make?

By ALVIN HATTORF, 420 1-2 South Pine Street, City.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

1. Name a mountain in Washington State that is the name of a boy.
2. Name a city in North Carolina that is the name of a girl.
3. Name a river in Virginia that's the name of a boy.
4. Name two cities that are the names of two boys.
5. Name a city in Missouri that is the name of a very great author.

EMMA HAY, 2510 East Broad Street, City.

ANSWERS.

Answer to address puzzle, by Helen Broadrup: Jeannette Clark, Frances Ring, Alice Byrd.
Answer to boys' names in figures, by Irene Petty: 1. Chestley; 2. Dudley; 3. Emmett; 4. Arthur; 5. Everett; 6. John; 7. Ira.
Answer to jumbled girls' names, by Rebecca Cooper: 1. Edith; 2. Beatrice; 3. Kitty; 4. Sarah; 5. Susan; 6. Gladys; 7. Floyd; 8. Deborah.

Answer to names of rivers in figures, by Margaret Harris: 1. Hudson; 2. Potomac; 3. James; 4. Rappahannock; 5. Susquehanna; 6. Wabash; 7. Missouri; 8. Colorado; 9. St. Lawrence; 10. Mississippi.

Answer to countries in figures, by Sarah Cooper: 1. France; 2. England; 3. United States; 4. China; 5. Japan.

By BLANCHE ANTHONY, Ashland, Va., Route 1, Box 20.

Answer to jumble names of girls: 1. Edith; 2. Beatrice; 3. Kitty; 4. Sarah; 5. Susan; 6. Gladys; 7. Floyd; 8. Deborah.

Answer to names of countries in figures: 1. France; 2. England; 3. United States; 4. China; 5. Japan.

By EDITH BANE, South Boston, Va.

AN ADVENTURE.

Bert, Will and Bob were visiting out at grandpa's farm. Ever since they had been there they had been begging grandpa to show them the old mill which was a famous fish pond. So about a week after their arrival grandpa set out with them to show them the way. When they arrived grandpa turned back and left the boys to spend the day. Bert and Will caught two a piece, they ate their dinner and then started to fish again, when splash! Bob had fallen in. They started home and arrived about 3 o'clock, Bob wet and dripping.

MARGARET PROCTOR, Drake's Branch, Va.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is full of bread,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for his living.

But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good, and gay.

LENA NEWMAN, MARY LEIGH.

PART II.

After an illness of about three weeks, Mr. White died. Mrs. White and Mary were grieved nearly to death. They decided to sell their country home and move to the city and keep boarding house. Mary went to school a little while after she went to the city. Mrs. White's health was very bad, and Mary had to work awful hard. When Mary was nineteen years old, one of their boarders fell in love with her and on her twentieth birthday they were married. His name was Dr. Charles Anderson. After their marriage, Dr. Anderson bought Mrs. White's old country home. He was as kind to Mary as he could be and gave her whatever she wanted. Mrs. White lived with them until her death, which occurred two years later.

EDNA W. KENT, Kent's Store, Va.

LITTLE MISS DUCK.

Little Miss Duck,
By a piece of good luck,
Lost her dog Trusty awhile,
She set up a-scowling,
She set up a-howling,
I think you could hear her a mile!

Little Miss Duck,
By a piece of good luck,
Found her dog Trusty again,
She washed and dressed him,
She kissed and caressed him,
And this is the way she looked then!

ANNE WALTHER, 2221 Beverly Street, City.



MARY DEARING WARD.



THOMAS KEYS.



SOPHIA LIBBY.



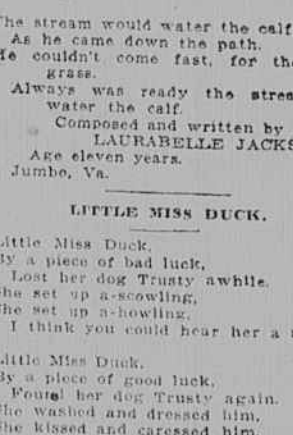
WADE H. VINCENT.



ALICE GAYLE.



BLANCHE ANTHONY.



A STREAM.